

PEOPLE & THINGS *By ATTICUS*

IT was feared that Lord Freyberg, V.C., would not be able to preside over next Saturday's annual dinner of the famous Royal Naval Division but I hear he has made arrangements to be there after all. As usual the dinner will be held in the Members' Dining Room of the House of Commons.

It was in the great tradition that in 1914 Winston Churchill conceived the idea of a company of artists, draughtsmen, sportsmen and gentlemen at large who would make up a unit dedicated to heroic tasks. Thus in 1914 they found themselves at Antwerp but managed to get away when it was no longer possible to hold the position.

Among the gallant members of the Division who later gave their lives was Rupert Brooke. More fortunate was Sir Alan Herbert, who lived to give wisdom and gaiety to the theatre to his host "I have come from and the British Parliament.

The strictly logical mind might contend that it was a mistake to use up so much officer material in the ranks but they became a legend and added glory to the nation.

It was only in recent years that the Members' Dining Room has been made available for functions such as this. There is a proviso, however, that the company must include at least one M.P. who is officially the host even though he need not open his mouth save to consume food and wine.

First Spakistiani

NO one could claim that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is unable to meet an awkward situation. Invitations having been issued to a full-dress dinner and reception at Lancaster House in honour of M. Paul-Henri Spaak, the recently appointed head of N.A.T.O. in succession to Lord Ismay, it was discovered that our distinguished guest, who had flown to America and back, had brought only a dinner jacket. So by telephone and letter an amendment to the invitation went out. It would be a black-tie function, and it was left to the ladies to interpret the instructions according to their mood and their wardrobe. The only non-conformist male guest I saw was Earl Attlee, whose white tie shone like a good deed in a dark world.

In spite of years of hard and constructive work Mr. Spak looked little older than when I first met him in the war. He is thick-set without a suggestion of fat and his powerful forehead gives out an impression of mental power.

Our host, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, was, I am glad to say, looking both cheerful and robust, as he hospitably bore alone the duties of both host and hostess.

Ducal Palace

Let me confess that the great house itself was almost as interesting as our host

and his guests. It is set in that exclusive thoroughfare known as Cleveland Row, which, it is just as well to remember, is not available to vehicular traffic except by special permission.

Lancaster House was built in the early nineteenth century for the Duke of York, the son of George III, but the Duke never lived to see its completion. In 1841 the Duke of Sutherland purchased the Crown lease for the (then) enormous sum of £72,000. When the fourth Duke died in 1913 the house was purchased by the late Lord Leverhulme who generously presented it to the nation.

Queen Victoria was so struck by the elegance and grandeur of Lancaster House when she paid a visit there that she said to her host "I have come from my house to visit your palace."

The Soul of Wit

THE appointment of Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick to be chairman of ITA may have come as a surprise to many people, but not to those of us who remember the work which brought him to the fore during the war when he was in charge of European broadcasts at Bush House.

Although he has had a Whitehall career, he has none of the reputed faults of the bureaucrat. No soldier was ever quicker at making up his mind and sticking to it than Ivone Kirkpatrick. His minutes had fewer words than most other people's had lines. On at least one occasion the minute was composed of one word and two initials:

Waggle, I.K.

At the end of the war he was not eager to go back to the Foreign Office and hankered after a job in the City. Finally persuaded by his friends to resume his diplomatic career, he made up his mind that whatever happened he would retire at sixty. With characteristic precision he sent in his resignation on his birthday. I am confident that he will make an excellent chairman of ITA. He has experience, drive and decision and gets on well with businessmen.

Desert Dandy

AN observant reader of this column points out in a letter that my comments last week on the immaculate appearance of Sir Brian Horrocks were completely borne out by a *Sunday Times* photograph in the same issue. "Sir Brian's battle-brother sleeve and trouser leg," he writes, "show the sharpness of cutting creases. His batman's iron cannot have been far away. Sir Brian's pullover, however, compares not too favourably and the soldier-driver in the background, with his pullover

showing beneath his battle-brother, has almost followed his wrong example."

A Spectacular 'Shunt'

WHEN Stirling Moss remarked in his *Sunday Times* article last week, that Formula 1 racing was much safer than sports car events, he did not know how quickly his views would be borne out. On the telephone from Nassau he has just given me a cheerful account of his spectacular



15-year-old Ricardo Rodriguez.

"shunt"—racing slang for accident—in the Venezuela Sports Car Grand Prix.

"I was going down the straight at 170 m.p.h.," he said, "and was just about to lap an A.C. Bristol, driven by Dresler, when it wandered over to the left. I hit him going full bore and we both turned over. Dresler was rather seriously hurt, but I'm glad to say he's going to be all right. My only injury was a blackened toenail. Luckily my wife had gone to Canada to see her parents, so she didn't see it happen."

Moss is now sunning himself in the interval before the Nassau Speed Week which opens on December 1. He says there is so much enthusiasm for motor-racing there that \$14,000 starting money has had to be returned.

The driver whom Moss is most intrigued to race against is Ricardo Rodriguez, a fifteen-year-old boy wonder from Mexico, who already has several brilliant victories to his credit.

Enough

THE whole nation shares with pride the new triumph of Mr. Donald Campbell in establishing a new world water speed record of 239.07 miles per hour. At 36 years of age Mr. Campbell is still a young man but the constant strain of successive water speed triumphs must have taken their toll. His achievements have taught him a lot and his friends feel that his knowledge is now so great that it should no longer be hazarded in further record attempts. Personally I hope that Mr. Campbell will heed the voice of caution.

To Jamaica

SIR KENNETH BLACKBURN, who has been appointed Sir Hugh Foot's successor as Governor of Jamaica, will be able to indulge his two favourite recreations without neglecting official duties. He is a keen motorist and an enthusiastic yachtsman, and Jamaica is by no means lacking in roads and sea. In fact the drive over the hills from Kingston to Montego Bay is a thing that demands endurance from both the engine and the driver.

But what a pleasant and easily haven awaits the motorist when he at last reaches Montego Bay. On the sea front you can dive into the water, lie on the sand, and signal to the waiter on the terrace of an hotel to prepare a Martini or whatever your choice may be. At night the moon in season makes silver of the surf and a deep content is fostered as the smiling islands welcome you—if you are anyone in particular—with a friendly personal calypso.

For Sir Hugh Foot there will now be sounds at night of a different and unmusical nature

But if the Cyprus problem is finally solved during his governorship there will be gratitude and admiration for the achievement—the sweetest music any man can hear.

Scientific Scot

MR. T. L. COTTRELL, who has just won the first prize of £150 in the competition organised jointly by *The Sunday Times* and the magazine "Research" for an essay by a scientific researcher on the communication of science, is a Scot through and through. A native of Edinburgh and graduate of its university, he has been with I.C.I. (apart from a two-year spell in the physical chemistry laboratory at Oxford) since 1943. Still only thirty-four, he is in charge of blasting explosives research at his company's Nobel division in Glasgow.

He holds a private pilot's licence and takes a keen interest in 18th-century Scottish poetry. But his main diversions are looking at pictures and yachting on the Clyde. When I asked him for the name of his favourite painter, he replied, with good Scots caution: "to look at or to buy?" In the first category he placed Bruce in the second the Scottish artist John Maxwell, one of whose pictures he owns.

He has just bought a four-year-old Dragon class yacht, and says the prize money will come in very useful to help with its upkeep.

Sputnik Mystery

ONE of the most extraordinary stories of the Russian earth-satellites comes to me from Australia. A friend of mine, a big granger in New South Wales, has on his station an apparatus, designed and made by his scientist son, for radio control of the pumps which drive water from the distant creek and boreholes to the homestead. Every time the orbit of Sputnik 1 passed over Australia within a certain distance, of went the pumps. Coincidence? Or a clue to sinister potentialities of future satellites?

On the Line

MY honourable and gallant friend Brigadier Sir John Smyth, V.C., has decided to come clean. Why and how did he cease to be a linesman at Wimbledon? Here, as the tabloids say, is the whole sensational story in his own words:

Dear Atticus—I retire myself from lines for life owing to a regrettable incident, on the Centre Court which only one of my friends besides me knew anything about. On a very hot day and during a very close ladder, Douglas made me taking one of the tram lines at the opposite end from the Royal Albert. A very long line of progress whir, alas, I fell fast asleep! I woke to see Helen Wills Moody poised on one foot at the opposite end of the court executing what I thought was a service. The ball landed midway between the two side lines, and to everybody's consternation I called confidently "fault." It was, in fact, about the length of the rally and Mrs. Wills Moody had executed a brilliant service. There was a moment's silence. The players gathered together in the middle of the court and I, looking for the ground to open under my feet, gazed wildly back into the crowd. The umpire came to the conclusion that someone in the crowd had shouted "fault," and—let me say this—only the linesman next to me knew it was me, but I decided I would retire from that particular form of activity and have never taken the line since.

JACKIE SMYTH.

Undaunted Songster

I WAS astonished to discover the other day that my old friend Ludwig Kooli had been in the city next Wednesday. I call him my old friend although in fact I have never met him; but anybody, I take it, who would hear him for even five minutes on the radio, crowding enthusiastically as he deplores the croaks, cheeps and gobbles of elusive birds, must be his friend for life.

When he was six this extra-

ordinary old gentleman was ordained by Liszt. Later he studied the violin under Hermann and singing under Jean de Reszke, and became a friend of Caruso's. He met his wife at a charity ball in Frankfurt at which he was singing and she was dancing. Twenty years in this country have seen him and his bird-voices established as national favourites.

A joyful enthusiasm wells yet from his ebullient bass-baritone; his accent and intonation turns spoken English into a thing of wonder and delight. And the hazards he has endured in making his avian record seem to have sustained rather than impaired his health. Few indeed the singers who could have recorded in their mid-seventies, a performance of all twenty-six songs in Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin."

People and Words

I have to propose a number of healths in the course of a year, and it's nice to know that it sometimes works.

—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

It seems impossible to say that a prison can be a factory—except for the manufacture of criminals.

—LORD GODDARD.

The practice of spotting winners among men is as interesting and their mid-seventies, a performance of all twenty-six songs in Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin."

—SIR FREDERIC HOOPER.

There is a jolly good case against any tax, in this country, if I cannot think of one that I could not rid with critics.—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.